for 5 cts. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

TWO DISCOVERIES.

Blanche Found Something In the Pear Tree, but It Wasn't Sweet. "Oh, grandma!" exclaimed Blanc breathlessly, "guess what I 'scovered ; in the big pear tree this morning? Grandma put on her spectacles and tried to look very wise. "Is it some

thing to eat?" she asked. "Yes," answered Blanche quickly

"And is it sweet?" continued grand

Bartlett pear," said grandma, smilnig-But Blanche shook her head, "You haven't guessed it right at all;" she "Dear, dear, me!" exclaimed grand ma thoughtfully; "whatever can it be

I think you will have to tell me, Blanche. Blanche, " 'cause maybe if I tell you a few more things you can guess it. Part of it is a house, and something lives in

"Perhaps it's a b-i-r-d," suggested Aunt Nan. it's 'most as good as a puzzle,' she said. "Do you ever eat birds, Aunt

Nan decidedly. "Supposing look at your puzzle," said grandpa, as

he folded up his paper. So they all went quickly down narrow garden walk and stopped beside the tall green pear tree. "Don't you see it?" asked Blanche excitedly. top. And don't you see the yellow bees buzzing and buzzing around everywhere? Don't you see them, grandpa? "No," said grandpa slowly, "I don't.

around here that I can see, even with my glasses on, and I can't discover one single bee either. deringly, "I can see them as plain as anything, grandpa.

Grandpa looked amused. "What bright, bright eyes you must have," he said, smiling.

"And can't you really 'scover any thing 'sides leaves and pears?' asked Blanche in surprise. "Oh, yes, indeed," answered grand

pa, with a twinkle in his eye, 'I've discovered something quite remarkable, Blanche. I've discovered that every one of your yellow bees are nothing more or less than hornets! "Why-ee!" exclaimed Blanche in as-

tonishment. And then how everybody laughed. - Youth's Companion.

The Stolen Lunch. Poor little Peter! Do you see him at the schoolhouse pump? Oh, how he

cries and howls! Yesterday a little girl named Mary Owens came to the teacher and said "Oh, Miss Ward, what shall I do? This is the third day that some one has eaten up all my lunch. I have been watching and trying to find out who can be The poor child cried because she was

so troubled at the loss of her dinner. "Never mind, little Mary," said t teacher. "Do as I tell you, and we will catch the naughty child very soon. So they said not a word more before the other scholars and quietly laid their plan. Next morning the teacher brought a tempting doughnut and placed it in

Just before the bell rang to dismiss the school at noon the scholars heard a noise and soon saw Peter standing by the well and working the pump handle

The doughnut had been filled with red pepper, and when poor Peter tasted it he knew he was found out. Oh, how it did burn! It seemed as if he could never get to the water. And, worst of all, the boys and girls now came running to him, shouting and laughing at him with all their might.

No doubt this will be the last time little Mary will lose her lunch.—Boston Woman's Journal,

Would you like an introduction to the youngest bicycle rider in Chicago, if not in the world? This is his picture. The young man is just 3 years old, and he lives at 2760 Commercial street, Ravenswood. His name is Allison Fried-



berg. He rides an odd little baby bicycle, the wheels of which are only 16 inches in diameter and the seat 22 inches from the ground. Not long ago he rode from Ravenswood to Lincoln park find back, a distance of ten miles, in less than half a day. He learned to ride very easily and is not at all afraid.-Chicago Record.

Black, the left handed pitcher, is in Philadelphia. He has learned the electrician's trade since he quit baseball and is working at it. clood nature is the very air on a good nind, the sign of a large and generous

soul and the peculiar soil in which vir-

me prospers, -Goodman.

HE SOUL'S SONG. A captive in restricted callicentined. My spirit soars despite grift walfs and bars

And singeth when it sees the mystic stars.

And when soft mounteamer kind, aslant have

As though my cloistered some they had divined. When cooling zephyrs hereld day in cast, And bird throats answer stake from tree and To deeper song my soul deth e'er incline And longs at matins to aselst as priest.

Alas, I may not join the vecal feast!

Rich clustered jewels pass by thought in train tongue: Only their shadowed form by me is sung. Conceived in pleasure, told, alas, in pain.

As some wild bird is captured, but when slain.

Not alway in a prison walk of clay Shall I my poor restricted song deplore; Shall I my poor restricted song depote.
Boyond the paths ethereal clouds explore,
When sunset leaves ajar its opal door.
I'll sing, unfettered, at the dawn of day.

—Arthur Howard Hall.

WINNINGTHEWIDDER

"It grieves me all fired copious," observed Uncle Cy Clay gravely contemplating the quarter section of pancake poised on the end of his fork, "t' see h' flirtations carryis's on o' this yere yaller headed schooltharm an Doc Everett, mere especial as she is already spoke for by simmy Duval, an doe is knowed t' be th' only husban an father of a interestic deetle fambly of s own, back in lowey. But, thenwell, well, they's no countin f'r th' actions of th' female sect, more like ef they happ'ns t' be o' th' flirtations v'riety, an they mest all be.

"I r'member one female in p'ticl'ar, he continued after sending a large swallow of hot coffee in the wake of the departed piece of parcake-"I r'member me th't was sho' 'nough scand'lous 'xample o' what cur'us notions th' sect vill take an th' onaccountable things

Twas back in Wyoming, in '67me o' th' Sweetwater 'xeitem'nt, ye d be'n minin out vere in Californy while, an was down well 'nough, bu st's soon's the rush-come along it was up stakes' with us, same's a lot o' oth r fool miners, an off we goes t' th Sweetwater country, ole Bill Heatwole an me an Ben-Ben Haskins, he was th' youngest o' us, an checkful o' th' de Harry's ever anystrey you ever seen.

But white? That boy was white, he sho' was, of ever a white man lived. Ef 'e hadn't 'e 'a' be'n yere now, more'n kep' a boardin house, an we all boards

with 'er, an we fed high too. But, say, that widder was th' purtiest leetle creaure ye ever seen. Wa'n't more'n 24 'r 5, an had rosy cheeks an eyes th't 'd just et y'r heart a-thumpin-black's any cal an bright s di'mi'nds. Well, she wa'n't hardly one o' 'em th't wa'n't wild t' be th' landlord o' th't there bean joint. Th' wast o' it all was th't they wa'n't none of em but what, one time 'r 'nother, was dead sure he was goin t' s'ceed th'lamented Buck, which was zone b'fore 'bout three years back -f'r ef they ever was a sho' 'nough flirt, 'twas th't same Widder Buck. new man th't showed up, ontell she had

'im on th' string good an hard. Then f'r th' next. gins makin love in real ser'us shape, we all begins to cale 'late th't th' bloomin widder is sho' ketched a lot, an reckons they's goin t' be some splicin did in that there camp b' fore Chris'mas-w'en all of a suddint, along comes a lawyer chap hailin from Salt Lake an puts up t th' Hotel de Widder Buck, thereby

causin a hull lot of rief in camp, 'cause ne hops in immediate an begins makin love t' th' landlady, her makin no bjections as anybody knowed of. 'Yere's where Ben makes a dead wrong play; f'r, restead of stickin to 'is one arrives on reading the long articles guns, 'e right off makes a jealous break which are being introduced into fashion quite natural. Then off goes Ben an hires ont t' th' gove'nm'nt f'r a scoutbuilt, an th' Ogalalla Sioux was makin mselves real onpleasant, chargin round an liftin section han's' hair an sech ke playful leetle tricks. So, 's I says, Ben goes off in a huff an leaves th' runnin t' this yere Salt Lake maverick as calls 'isself 'Jedge' Sherman an puts an a hull lot oboggus airs an talks book English. Say, it jest made us sick -it sho' did-th' way that there couple

spooned round. They was sev'ral o' th' boys th't jest ached t' git Sherman intuh a argymint an kill 'im up a lot, but they never got no chance—th' Jedge was too foxy, he was, an too smooth t' 'Jest about Chris'mas time th' In-

juns let up a few an lays low, th' weather bein some cold an too many sojers round them parts, an one mornin th' widder gives it out th't she lays t go over t' Green River an enjoy 'erself a lot-she was T'ever beefin 'bout 'all work an no play? So, next day, off she an th' Jedge good with a greaser named Manuel drivin th' muel team. They'd jest got acrost th' South Fork an was, persoomable, quite comf'table an happy. w'en, all of a suddint, Manuel lets out a screech an jumps out of th' wagon, hollerin th't Injuns was comin. Sherman looks out an sees a cloud o' dust

bout two mile away (they wa'n't no snow on th' ground), an he jumps out, too, an in a holy second him an that greaser had them muels cut loose an was aboard em hittin the trail real swift f'r Green River. 'Course th' widder screeched after 'em. but, turn round?-none whatever. W'y, that tar-Well, the widder sits an weeps are trying to the feet, but in the country nal skunk didn't even wave 'is hand!

this paving ceases. - Good Words. quite copious while, an then makes up 'er mind in't she don't perpose t' stay there an et scalped-none whatever. So she reles out o' th' wagon an makes a sneak? git under th' bank an then travels toward th' dus' cloud, figgerin th' Imuns 'd be most likely t' look down steam instead of up, but



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......

w'en th' Injuns comes clost, high, low and b'hold! T'ey hain't no Injuns at all, but some o Gen'ral Augur's troops a-drivin in strap stock, an Ben was

"Well, o' course they tackles on th' widder's wagon an heads f'r Green River, mad a hull lot t' think a male critter callin 'isself a man 'd run away an leave a woman t' be scalped by Ogalallas-an they all agrees t' make it dam hot f'r Sherman ef he's ketchable. Ben, he didn't say much, but purty quick 'e rides alongside th' sergeant an speaks t im, real quiet, an 'fore long he's a chasin off on a side trail t' git intuh Green River first, 'fore th' troopers

"Sherman was in th' barroom o' th' hotel, tellin bow the'd be'n an bushed an th' widder killed at th' first shot an how him an th' greaser'd fit an tried ' save 'er body, w'en in walks Ben, 'is face's white's Sherman's an 'is eyes a-blazin. Sherman knowed in a minute th't Ben was after him, an he reached f'r 'is gun, but Ben was too quick, an

covered 'im. "'Hol' on, ' says he. 'You dam scoundrel, I ought t' kill ye where ye set, but hain't no coward, an I fights fair whoever with-even a cur th't runs away an leaves a woman t' be scalped an murdered by Indians.' And he goes on an tells th' crowd about wh't Sherman had did. O' course ev'rybody wanted t' hop in an do s'm' ropework, wi th' jedge figgerin as 'It," but Ben wouldn't have it, none at all.

" 'No, gents, ' says he, 'it don't go. b'lieves in givin all kinds a fair shake. I gives it out th't I perpose t' git th' gent, but I does it fair, an gives him th' same show as me. Step outside yere, dam ye, an fight!"

"Sherman begged an pleaded a hull lot, but it didn't go, an after gittin a few swift kicks fr'm some o' th' gang, out he walks, wobblin lots in th' knees/ and shakin all over, an lines up in th street. Cheyenne Pike was master o ceremonies. 'Twenty paces, gents,' says 'Shoot an advance a shootin. Air ye ready? One, two, three-fire!

"How 'twas did, nobody ever even guessed. Ben was 's good a shot as they was in Wyoming. Maybe th' Jedge was, too; but he was so shaky they say he c'd hardly hold his gun. Anyways, they was only four 'r five shots tookthen pore ole Ben throws up 'is han's an drops-Sherman'd got 'im in th' forehead, slick an clean. While they was pickin Ben up an

carryin 'im inside, Sherman got lost in th' shuffle. Ef he hadn't, he'd 'a' sho' be'n killed. But he sneaks off an lays low som'eres an nobody sees 'im ontell omes rushin intuh th' Eagle Bird c'n-

sid'ble flustrated. 'Wha' d'ye think, boys?' says he, w'en he ketched 'is breath, 'Th' Widder Buck and that skunk Sherman is spliced!' "O' course th' gang thinks he's joshin an snorts at 'im quite a lot, but he sticks t' th' story. 'Yessir,' he says, 'they was tied up an hour ago b' Jedge

Billings. It's straight.' "An so it was. Pore Ben wa'n't even stiff, n'r they hadn't got 'im laid out, b'fore that son of a gun an th' widder was hitched duly 'cordin t' law. O' course th' boys shivereed 'em, and then give 'em three hours t' leave town, but that didn't do no good. Jedge Sherman had the widder an 'er wad, an pore ole Ben gits nothin but a bang up funeral

an six feet o' dirt t' lay in. "All th' ole gang th't went intuh th Sweetwater rush r'members all about this yarn; an, say, I'll bet they wa'n't one o' 'em but what's b'en more 'r less leary o' widders sence then. They're mighty queer sort o' cattle, these women folks, an I gives 'em up."-Exchange.

Fashions For Men. It will not be long now before fashion journals and plates for men are as firmly established as those for women. This, at all events, is the conclusion at which papers under the heading, "For Men," or something similar. The rapidity with which "this sort of man" evolves a spe-

cial etiquette de toilette for various occasions is truly astounding. For instance: "Patent leather shoes may be correctly worn while in mourning. Men in mourning, when in evening dress. wear ties of black silk, not black satin ones," Again, "Ushers at a wedding should wear gloves of either pearl or white kid, which match exactly those worn by the groom, but it is not necessary that his should be the same as those PATENT AND DRAUGHTING BUREAU worn by the bride." And once more: Men who have grooms should see to it that they do not wear jewelry. It is bad form." One wonders what manner of men they are who must be told this lat- 22 Clinton Street, ter item!-Westminster Gazette.

The People of Madeira. They are as harmless as their connry. The stranger meets with no snakes, and need not fear mosquitoes, neither has he to take any precantions against being molested in the most out of the way parts. Everywhere civility, politeness and pleasant faces will greet him. The prices asked are grotesque often five times what will be finally accepted. Some find the absence of fixed prices abroad a great unisance, but the bargaining in Madeira is so good humored and can be made so amusing that the

change of custom in this respect is rath-There is one reason that may account for the comparatively few visitors to nor cycling roads. All Madeira can do is to provide a very limited cricket ground and five miles of fairly level road. Most of the ways near the city are paved with "nubbly" stones and ALL of the ten winners selected

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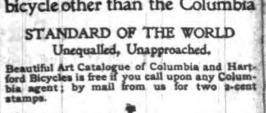
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rges, Linens, lawns, piques, etc. Scotch Lace Bed Sets, guipire effect, all marked way down in price, must be closed out before invenwhite and cream, 85x108 in., usual Lot No. 1, formerly \$5 and \$6, consisting of mixtures in blazer 2.99 Remnants of Best Quality Felt, 36 in. wide, regular price 48c, yd. at 10c shapes and fitted lawn suits at ... Etamine Draper, lace stripes, p arl ot No. 2, formerly \$7.50 to \$10.95, consisting of navy, black and fancy mixed serg s, in East India Durries, size 42x72 in. used blazer styles, also finest linen 4.97 suits in blazer styles, and fitt d

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by the history of the matter. The blinded adherents to the new and dangerous dogma of gold mon mainte ometallism talk of educating the nations people out of their perverse ignorance nations on the currency question. Let them pay an be cautions how they proceed with that a their complement experiment. They hables will only make their case the worse duty ! for themselves as they make it better we par understod. They will unauspect us it is ingly expose the crafty arts by which Inte they maintain their futal advantage, in goile and make the details of their occupa- wenith. tion appear in a stronger light of street

error and guilt than before. It is not necessary to stigmatize the the calling that operates with trained people skill the wast enginery of exchanges pose so successfully as in any recognized of suc sense a gonspiracy against the per shall sistent industry of an entire people stand There spequestionably are as good our i men and bonest men in the banking through ness as in any other. But it is no less a fact to be allowed room for sideration that they all together ions; that by long habit and close fear at y they come to be a part of it and belong to it; that it is their limiting the range of their thought to its own designing mechanical oper course tion, and forbidding any the street excursion into fields which Freserves to itself for howests yet ungathered.

There all the affectation of super knowledge and deeper peneare attached to and work the machin ery of the country's finances, contrally and locally, is pitifully out of place and a standing provocation to the keepest shafts of estire and ridie cule. That the men who handle money for the general convenience ings of supply it in response to the common money need should for that as a principal. If my reason better understand the prin- history ciples that underlie and the laws that govern the relation existing between supply and demand than the great Argent body of the people they serve can be make be expected to understand it, is so pre-borrow posterous an absurdity as to make cipal b the laws that divide classes an object being, of ridicule fast more than of respect.

The matter of vital concern is that procure

the financial machinery of the country price

and of the world is susceptible of a holders destroying diversion from its appropriste function into channels of operation through which selfishness is mainly fell and greed waxes fat, divided while these for whose service it was be no d created grow hungry and lean, and the common sustanance is sucked out and absorbed juto private treasure and par vaults. The sleepless eyes of insatisted greed, ever watchful of its indicate the hiding-place of the real enemy of the social state and its continuous stages of development and progress. It has chosen for its final the forlurking place the organized devices portation by which men effect the exchange of their products, convinced that in the control of these it has its effective grasp on all. This is the spirit we refuci are to contend with in the discussion market that is now on : here is the latent which power which seeks the ultimate pos the Ar session of all power by allently getting into its hands that potent to pay agency by which we exist as a com In shor munity, a society, a people. That it public ought to be opposed with all the of the its expanding esprenney, about the ophardly require the statement united determination.

gold standard, the party founded by Jefferson notoriously becomes Hamiltonian. It is no longer Democratic Rossel of Republican, but Federal and Brit- highest

ish. For it is the British financial